

## ROBBERS WORKED BY DAYLIGHT.

**Pawnbroker Ferguson and His  
Granddaughter the Vic-  
tims of Bold Thieves.**

**Four Men Entered the Store,  
Bound the Old Man and Girl,  
and Nearly Smothered Them.**

**The Crime Committed While Hun-  
dreds of Persons Were Passing  
in Front of the Place.**

**MONEY AND VALUABLES STOLEN.**

**The Robbers Were \$5,000 Richer When  
They Departed—Showed Remark-  
able Audacity—Started Toward  
New York.**

Officer Terrence Cosgrove, of the Long Island City police, stood at the telephone booth at Eighth street and Jackson avenue at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and shouted over the wire to his sergeant, "All's well on my post!" But all was not well. Three blocks away, on Cosgrove's beat, in the little pawnbroker's shop, at No. 48 Jackson avenue, four robbers were brutally ill-treating an aged man and his little granddaughter and looting the place of about \$5,000 in cash and jewelry.

It was dark daylight. Hundreds of people were passing the place, and the police cars of five different trolley lines were clanking up and down past the door. The Second Precinct Station House was only two blocks away. Yet the bold burglars had all the time they wanted to ransack the shop and get away without leaving a trace of the road they took. For reckless bravado and wonderful success the crime is without parallel in the annals of the Long Island City police.

**THE FERGUSON HOME.**  
Dennis G. Ferguson, who is sixty-five years old, and quite feeble, sat behind his counter talking to his little granddaughter, Dora Dewar, eleven years old, yesterday afternoon. The servant, Katie Batelle, who had received several bad burns a few days ago, was on the floor above in bed. There are only four rooms in the little house at No. 48. Back of the shop there is a store-room, which is also used as a kitchen. There is a sink in one corner and a square cooking stove in the other, by the rear windows. Beside the sink a narrow doorway leads into the hall and to the rooms above.

There is a safe on one side of the shop and another large, old-fashioned safe on the other. In the middle of the room stands a heavy dining table. All around the room are hung clothes, pledged by the patrons of the place. Under these garments are shelves, filled with other pledges neatly rolled up and numbered.

On the floor above Mr. Ferguson sleeps in the front bedroom with Samuel Hutchinson, a young boarder, who is employed in a large dry goods house in New York. In the back room the servant and little Dora sleep. It was nearly 2 o'clock when four men walked into the shop. They were all under thirty, well-dressed and smooth-shaven. They had their hands in the pockets of their overcoats. The foremost, a short, stout man, was the spokesman. "We're water inspectors from the City Hall," he said, addressing Ferguson, who bowed.

"How does your water run?"  
"All right, sir," answered the man of the three golden balls. He thought this visit quite natural, as the pipes had been frozen in Long Island City recently, and the water inspectors had been around looking at the faucets, pipes and meters.

"Where is the faucet?" asked the fat man. "I'd like to look at it."

**WENT TO THE REAR ROOM.**  
"It's in the rear room," replied Ferguson, with no suspicion of the truth. And he led the way back. The stout man and two of his companions followed. The little girl was playing near the door, but the tallest of the quartet took her hand, saying, kindly: "Show me your doll, little one, will you not?" And he gently pushed her into the back room and closed the door.

The fourth man remained in the store and pulled down the blinds at the windows so as to give the shop the appearance of being closed. Just then a customer, Martin Kouwenhoven, opened the door. He had a ticket for his coat in his hand.

"I'm very sorry," said the diplomatic burglar, with a smile, "but I can't wait on you to-day. I'm just closing up. And he pushed the man out and locked the door. Meanwhile the other three men, the old pawnbroker and the little girl were in the back room.

"So this is your faucet?" remarked the stout man, as he turned on the water. "Ah," he said, rubbing his hands, "that's that way it ought to run all over Long Island City. By the way, where's the trap? Underneath?"

"No," answered the pawnbroker.

"Look," said the man, "I think you'll find one."

The old man bent down to look, when the stout man struck him a swinging blow in the right eye with his fist. As the old man fell two of the men jumped on him and kicked him about the body.

The little girl screamed at the sight of the assault upon her grandfather and the stout man seized her throat in both hands and nearly strangled her. The marks of his long nails are yet upon her tender skin.

**PROTECTED THE CHILD.**  
With an oath the tall, thin man who had coaxed the child back out of the store, sprang upon his companion and buried him across the room.

"Bill," he said, "you keep your hands off that young one. She shan't be hurt—not if you don't holler, little one," he added, putting a big revolver in the child's face.

By this time Ferguson was upon his knees, and with trembling hands above his white head he pleaded with the burglar. "Why, gentlemen," he cried, "there is no mistake. You've got the wrong man. never did any one harm. What do you mean by assaulting me—an utter stranger—in my own home?"

The two men then took ropes from their pockets and bound the pawnbroker's feet together. Then they tied his hands to his back on the door near the sink, and with his head against the sofa. They searched his pockets, and took out a wallet containing \$15 in bills. This they appropriated and threw the empty wallet upon the

floor. They tore a gold watch and chain from the old man's waistcoat, but left in his shirt a little diamond stud. All the while the stout man held a long barreled revolver under his nose, and threatened to "put a bullet in him" if he should cry out. Then they took from his pockets the big brass key to the old-fashioned "Salamanca" safe in the corner.

**TIED THE LITTLE GIRL.**  
While this was going on the tall, thin man carefully bound little Dora's limbs with pieces of wash-line and laid her on the sofa with her face to the wall. His companions turned over the heavy dining table and threw it upon the old man's stomach. Four heavy clocks were piled up on this, and then they took time enough to pull down from the walls at least half a hundred garments and pile them upon the helpless man, now suffering the greatest pain from the wounds on his face and the many contusions on his body. His groans were thus drowned most effectually. The stout man commenced to whistle a stick for a dog to put into little Dora's mouth. "What are you doing that for?" asked the tall man.

"To gag the squealing kid, of course," rejoined the thief.

"So you don't, you brute," returned the defender of the helpless child. "I'll fix her."

He picked up a pillow case and, saying, "Don't cry, little one; I won't hurt you," pulled it over her head and over that pulled an old hat of Ferguson's. Then the three rifled the safe while the fourth continued to stand guard at the door. They took from it all the diamonds, watches and jewelry it contained, except a tiny of cheap ring which they scorned. These were scattered about the room as though the forgers had flung them aside in contempt. Then the stout man went out into the store and rifled the money drawer. He found \$532 there, and in a ragged old pocket-book of the late Mrs. Ferguson, he secured \$220, which the pawnbroker had saved for thirteen years, because his dead wife left it there.

When the stout man retired he kicked the pile of clothes under which Ferguson lay, and his heavy boot landed over the old man's head.

**THREATENED TO KILL.**  
Then he put the cold muzzle of his big pistol against the face of the girl and said: "If you scream when we go out, we'll kill you and the old man, too."

"I won't, mister," came in muffled tones from the child. "But please give me air, I'm smothering."

The cruel robber paid no attention to this plea. All this happened in a very short time. It was only 2:15 when Jacob Creter, who was looking out of the window of his saloon, across the street, saw two men leave the pawnshop. They looked up and down the street, and then walked slowly away. When they had gone fifty feet they walked faster, and before they had traveled two hundred feet they were running. They went down Jackson avenue toward Brooklyn and New York.

A moment later another man left the shop alone. He had a long, hook nose, and the pockets of his overcoat bulged out so that he could not button his coat when he tried to. The man ran after the two who had disappeared from the saloon keeper's range of vision.

He was about to give an alarm, for he thought something wrong must be on foot, although he had an idea what it was, when the door of the shop opened slowly and a tall, thin man walked out in a leisurely way, and, taking a match box from his pocket, coolly lighted a cigar and strolled away in the direction taken by the other three men. This entirely set at rest the suspicions of the worthy German.

At about this time the little Dora managed to work the hat and pillowcase off her head.

"Grandpa," she called faintly. "Have they gone?"

No answer came from the smothering pawnbroker. The girl thought that her grandfather had died and struggled frantically trying to untie the ropes that bound her hands with her teeth. She tried until her mouth bled and then rolled off the lounge to the floor and struggled to her feet. She tugged at the garments which covered her grandfather, but her hands and feet were securely bound and she could not help him. At that moment the pile of clothes moved and she heard a faint groan. This stimulated the child to action.

**THE ALARM GIVEN.**  
Suffering pain at every jump from her bonds, she hopped to the door and with great difficulty opened the latch and went into the street. Policeman Cosgrove, who had just turned in his telephone report to his station of "All's well on my post," examined along on the opposite side of the street, swinging his club.

"Police! Police!" called little Dora, "come over; we've been robbed," and she fell on the sidewalk.

Cosgrove ran over and cut her bonds, but the child could not walk. He carried her into the shop and pulled the clothing off the pawnbroker. The table was so heavy that the policeman had all he could do to remove it from the prostrate man.

**FERGUSON MAY NOT RECOVER.**  
He unbanded the pawnbroker, who was badly injured. The crime may prove to be more than a robbery after all.

Cosgrove sent an alarm to the station house and Captain Woods and the entire reserve squad turned out and began a search.

Ferguson estimates his loss at \$5,000. He will reimburse his customers so far as he is able for the property lost. He left New York to live in Long Island City two years ago.

Ferguson came to America from Ireland in 1845, and started a pawnshop at No. 56 Leonard street. In 1860 he set up the same business at No. 224 1/2 Broome street, where he carried on business for twenty-five years. When President Cleveland was Governor, Ferguson was chairman of the Pawnbrokers' Association, and went to Albany in the interest of legislation favorable to his business.

One of the most remarkable features of the story is that three hours before the robbery was effected, two men answering to the description of the stout man and his long, lean friend entered the office of the Union College Land Company, at No. 80 Bowlen avenue. Several years ago a large amount of Long Island City real estate was left to Union College, and the college officers had to establish an office there to manage it. Every one knows that Saturday was rent collection day, and that many thousands of dollars were kept in the three ponderous safes in the office. Two young girls have charge of the outside office, where the safes are.

The manager, Gilbert K. Harroun, was yesterday in the rear office talking with Paul Alexander, district attorney. The water inspectors, when two men entered and said to Miss Carlston, who was in charge, "We are water inspectors from the City Hall. May we look at your meter?"

"Certainly," said the young woman, and the two men walked into the cellar, where the meter is. Then Miss Carlston went into the inner office and told Mr. Harroun and Mr. Alexander about it.

"Why," exclaimed Alexander in a loud voice, "only myself and Mr. McCarthy, the other inspector, have the right to do that."

The bogus inspectors must have heard this and been frightened away, for they had gone when Mrs. Carlston returned to the store.

The police were notified of the crime, but late last night no clue to the thieves had been obtained.

## CARLISLE'S KEYNOTE FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

**Sound Money and Equal Taxa-  
tion the Issues in the Com-  
ing National Contest.**

**He Wants to See the Democracy Re-  
gain Its Foothold on the  
Financial Question.**

**HIS WORDS CREATE ENTHUSIASM.**

**The Secretary Receives a Flattering Re-  
ception at the Manhattan Club—Bank-  
ers and Merchants Launch a  
Presidential Boom.**

At the Manhattan Club, the organization of representative Democrats of New York, the boom for the Presidency of Secretary Carlisle was last night given prestige and infused with life. The occasion was a reception to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he was welcomed by men high in the political walks of life.

In conversation they talked of him as an available candidate for the Presidency. He infused them with hope for the success of the Democratic party by a ringing speech, the brightest gem of which was:

**Gentlemen, the Democratic party is not dead, and the time has not yet come to distribute its assets among the Populists and their allies.**

This was the keynote of a more lecture on finance and an appeal from the Secretary to stand by the party of Jefferson and Jackson.

The Secretary was brought to the clubhouse by Supreme Court Justice Smyth and was received with an old-time, hearty, Democratic cheer. He was welcomed by Frederic R. Coudert, president of the club, and the members who were present.

Mr. Coudert introduced the Secretary with a speech divided into praising Mr. Carlisle's official career and lauding the Manhattan Club.

**SECRETARY CARLISLE'S SPEECH.**  
Secretary Carlisle, somewhat pale and haggard, in a speech noteworthy for ringing utterances on financial matters and significant words of advice to the Democratic party.

He said the Democratic party should in the future as in the past stand for sound money, just and equal taxation, economy in Government, and honesty and fidelity in the administration of public duty.



**Daylight Robbery in Long Island City.**

Four thieves entered the pawnshop of D. J. Ferguson, in Long Island City, yesterday. They locked the front door, and after beating Mr. Ferguson they bound him and his granddaughter and looted the place, securing \$5,000 in money and jewels. The girl, whose hands and ankles were tied and who had a pillowcase and hat over her head, made her way to the door after the robbers had departed and gave the alarm.

"These are old-fashioned doctrines," he said, "but they were good enough in the past, and they are good enough for me."

In referring to the Manhattan Club, Secretary Carlisle said that to be its guest was an honor that every Democrat should appreciate, and that the club's power in the party could not be overestimated. He was applauded heartily when the speech was ended, and for an hour more discussed affairs of politics and finance in conversation with men at the guest table.

Although not a word was said in speeches about Carlisle for the Presidency, comments were freely made that the reception was the first big move to start his boom.

**Underground Prayer Meeting.**  
[Pana (Ill.) Dispatch to Chicago Record.]

A novel, fruitful and encouraging revival meeting was held in the Pennell mine, 720 feet below the surface of the earth, to-day at noon. It was in the nature of an auxiliary to the union revival meetings now in progress, and was conducted by Secretary Atkins, of the Young Men's Christian Association, who is a number of inches were converted and many asked for prayers.

**Preparing to Kick.**  
[Kansas City Journal.]

England took fault with the Venezuelan Commission for the reason that it means to take fault with the Commission's decision later.

## TINSDALE OPPOSED THE BAGGAGE BILL.

**His Statements Said to Be at  
Variance with the Opinions  
of Nearly Every Cyclist.**

**Wheelmen Were Present in Large  
Numbers to Watch the Action of  
the Railroad Committee.**

**SUPPORTERS OF THE BILL SANGUINE.**

**Chief Consul Potter Expressed Surprise  
at the Unlooked-for Opposition.  
No Decision Given Out by  
the Committee.**

A quietness was given to the bicycle brake matter in the Aldermanic Board yesterday by the adoption of this report of the Law Committee against the ordinance:

"A public hearing was held, and the merits of the proposed ordinance thoroughly debated by a large number of citizens, a great majority of whom were opposed to its enactment. Your committee have thoroughly considered the subject, and find that the requirement would entail a hardship upon many riders whose bicycles are not equipped with brakes, and in view of the very pronounced difference of opinion as to the necessity thereof, your committee believe that it would be unwise to place further restrictions of such a nature upon wheelmen, and therefore recommend that action on the proposed ordinance be postponed indefinitely, and that the same be placed on file."

The Law Committee's decision has been deferred several times in order to give full scope for the spirited opposing arguments of the adherents of the Metropolitan Association of Cycling Clubs and the Cycling Federation.

Alderman Hall, supported by Magistrates Deuel and Wentworth, first championed the movement to compel the use of brakes on all wheeling machines. They were not supported by the wheelmen and wheelwomen, and when the Law Committee gave its final hearing on the matter, only three advocates of the measure were present as against a large number who opposed it.

The advocates of the proposed ordinance claimed it was aimed at the unskillful riders, who could not govern the wheels without the use of brakes. Prominent cyclists held that the brakes were a useless and unnecessary expense.

## DR. "JIM" LET OUT ON BAIL.

**The Transvaal Raiders Enthusiastically Re-  
ceived in London and Paroled on  
Their Own Recognizances**

London, Feb. 25.—Dr. Jameson, formerly administrator of the British South Africa Company, who led the raid into the Transvaal, arrived in London this evening, was arraigned in the Bow Street Police Court, and released on his own recognizance in the sum of \$10,000. Fourteen others who took part in the raid were arraigned with Dr. Jameson and were all admitted to bail in \$10,000 each furnished by themselves.

The transport Victoria, which brought Dr. Jameson and his party from South Africa, left Plymouth yesterday, her destination then being unknown, but there was a strong suspicion that she was bound for London. She passed the North Foreland at 8:30 o'clock this morning, and the fact that she had been signalled off that point, showing that she was bound for London, was soon known in the city.

The approaching arrival of Dr. Jameson and his party, all of whom are heroes in the eyes of the English people, caused some excitement. It was known that they would be arraigned in the Bow Street Police Court, and thither proceeded the Duke of Abercorn and others of the directors of the British South Africa Company. Many of

In the meantime, Dr. Jameson and his officers were taken off the Victoria by a police launch, which reached Waterloo pier at 6:30 o'clock. A large crowd had gathered at the pier, and when Jameson and his party appeared they were loudly cheered. The party entered two omnibuses, which conveyed them to the Bow Street Police Court. The crowd, cheering and yelling and in other ways manifesting their approbation of the raiders, ran alongside the omnibuses for the entire distance from Waterloo pier to the court.

The party was given a most tumultuous welcome by the great crowd that had gathered about the court. In anticipation of Dr. Jameson's arraignment a large crowd of people, composed principally of members of the aristocracy, assembled in the court room before noon and awaited Dr. Jameson's arrival.

Seated upon the bench with the Magistrate were the Duke of Abercorn, Lord and Lady Abingdon, General Sir St. George Gerald Foley and Lady Foley, Viscount Chelsea and Honorable Robert Arthur Ward.

The prisoners were promptly arraigned before the Magistrate upon the formal charge of having made war upon a friendly State.

Jameson and his companions were loudly cheered as they entered the court room, and there was a renewal of the popular



**DORA DEWAR.**

enthusiasm after the party got inside the room. So carried away were the people by their enthusiasm that the Magistrate and court officers were unable to put a stop to the demonstration. After hearing evidence briefly, the Magistrate adjourned the examination for a fortnight, releasing Jameson and the others, as already stated, upon their own recognizances of \$10,000 each.

The party were again cheered as they left the court room, and were followed after they got outside by a great crowd, who repeatedly gave expression to their enthusiasm in cheers.

The exact charge preferred against the prisoners was that "the defendants in the month of December, 1895, in South Africa, within Her Majesty's dominions, without license of Her Majesty, did unlawfully prepare a military expedition to proceed against the dominions of a certain friendly State, to wit, the South African Republic, contrary to the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment act of 1870."

The act above referred to, omitting the preamble, is as follows:

Section 11. If any person within the limit of Her Majesty's dominions, and without the license of Her Majesty, prepares or fits out any naval or military expedition to proceed against the dominions of any friendly State, the following consequences shall ensue: 1. Every person engaged in such preparation or fitting out, or assisting therein, or employed in any capacity in such expedition, shall be guilty of an offence against this act, and shall be punishable by fine and imprisonment, or either of such punishments, at the discretion of the court before which the offender is convicted; and imprisonment, if awarded, may be either with or without hard labor. All ships and their equipment, and all arms and munitions of war used in or forming part of such expedition, shall be forfeited to Her Majesty.

Section 12. Any person who aids, abets, counsels or procures the commission of any offence against this act shall be liable to be tried and punished as a principal offender.

Section 13. The term of imprisonment to be awarded in respect of any offence against this act shall not exceed two years.

**Their Relationship.**  
[Youth's Companion.]

Relationships are very confusing to the juvenile mind, but there are not many children so delightfully at sea as the small girl of the following story:

She appeared with a small brother at a public school and gave in their names as "Ralph and Edith Johnson."

"Brother and sister, I suppose," said the teacher.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the little girl, "we're twins."

**Afraid of Morton.**  
[Milwaukee Journal.]

The fact that all the other factions are ready to unite against Mr. Morton, and that they are afraid of the bar in politics when they do not manage the spot.

**Out for the Offices.**  
[Cleveland Leader.]

The Republican leaders of Ohio—McKinley, Sherman, and others—are not looking for a cause to quarrel.

## GERMANY REAPS BRITAIN'S CROP.

**Where Englishmen Sowed in  
the Rand Teutons Gath-  
er the Harvest.**

**South African States Must Form  
a Federation or a Domin-  
ion Like Canada.**

**Uitlanders Own More Than a Half of  
the Soil of Transvaal and Have  
No Share in the Government.**

**GREAT BRITAIN MAY LOSE A COLONY.**

**A Member of the Cape Legislature Repudi-  
ates the Assertion That the Recent  
Troubles Were Brought on by Stock  
Jobbing Schemes.**

**By Julian Ralph.**  
London, Feb. 25.—"The Colossus of Rhodes," of South Africa, gains an outspoken champion in Rutherford Harris, who, in the New Review, discusses the whole African situation in an article entitled "The Fate of South Africa."

Mr. Harris came to London with Cecil Rhodes, the other day. Since then he has written this article. Fourteen years he spent in Africa, seven years of which he was with the Chartered Company. He is member for Kimberley in the Cape Legislature.

Mr. Harris's opinion is that all the South African States must eventually form a federation either of united States, independent of and hostile to Great Britain, or a dominion like Canada, with either England or Germany for a sovereign power. He agrees with those who consider that on the Transvaal, or, rather, on the fate of the Uitlanders of that State, depends the solution of the problem. He says at present the 14,000 male Boers—a pastoral people, opposed to all progress—rule absolutely the Uitlander population of some 120,000 people, the majority of whom are either British born or of British descent, speaking the English language as their mother tongue. They comprise the intelligence, wealth, energy and all that makes for progress and civilization in a country as large as Italy. By resources and determination they have increased the export of gold from nothing until it amounts to \$8,000,000 per annum. By the end of the century the development of the deep levels will increase this export to \$20,000,000. Thereafter, for the next thirty or forty years, they will maintain that production. Rhodes' of South Africa gains an out-

At that figure the Transvaal will therefore furnish in the near future two-thirds of the yellow metal of the world. With this increase the prosperity of the present population of 120,000 Uitlanders must increase also, until by the year 1900 it may safely be put at 240,000, and a few years later at 500,000.

At the present moment the Uitlanders own by actual purchase the soil of more than one-half of the Transvaal. They contribute nine-tenths of the entire revenue. Yet they have no share in the government of their country.

It is not to be supposed that such a position can last.

Mr. Harris declares that unless these grievances be redressed distrust of and discontent with England will spread from the Transvaal throughout the whole of South Africa, and the ultimate loss of a valuable tributary to the Empire will be the almost certain result.

He indignantly repudiates the assertion that the late troubles were brought on by stock-jobbing schemes. He speaks highly of Jameson's energy, tact and diplomacy. He proves by careful statistics the great progress made by Rhodesia in the six years of its existence. He contends that not English speculation, but German intrigue is at the root of the mischief.

By the concessions made to German commercial manipulations of traffic there is a deliberate attempt to divert into German channels the stream of commerce, which is penalized by the unfair rates on railways and bound to increase in volume every year, and transfer into German pockets that mighty harvest of wealth of which British capital and British enterprise has sown the seed.

**Rough on the Goats.**  
[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Great Britain is reported to have purchased Delagoa Bay without so much as asking the Delagoas what they thought of it.

**Running by Wind Power.**  
[Minneapolis Times.]

As usual the Senate is doing its deliberating with its lungs.

**Money Talks.**  
[Albany Argus.]

It is objected to Mr. Morton that he is no speechmaker. But Mr. Morton has about his throat that which does talk.

## CARPETS.

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